

# ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS

COURSING SHOOTING RACING CRICKET ANGLING THE RIFLE

AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.



THE THREE NORFOLK CHAMPIONS:

BEN SEXTON (THE SKITTLE PLAYER), JEM MACE (THE PUGILIST), AND JOHN BRIGHTON (THE PEDESTRIAN).

MADE BY WILKINSON.





OUR  
ILLUSTRATIONS.

has received even "Knock-out"—to a scoundrel. No countryman and never has he met anyone who was with Jim Hurst in New Zealand, greater than by two chalks, the ball has been and the long duration of the fact that at one street before, Ben Sexton is the "duo" that demolished the celebrated London match, by five chalks. In fact, by exceeding 20 years, he was ever beaten in a match came off at the Hand-in-Hand, five chalks. Sexton has done Toogood, is a champion of illustrators of sport and some of the important group now, of the most prominent, and most noted rival, Gashwin of Toogood, the men's champion of the world.

evergreen Champion of the world. Last, but not least, we have in the pedestrian world has been like Jackson, the American hand, and looks all over like a troupe who contended before the remainder of his company. Brighton's chief performance was on the 14th of July, born July 14, 1832. Beaten Nobbs, of Norwich, half a mile in ten minutes.

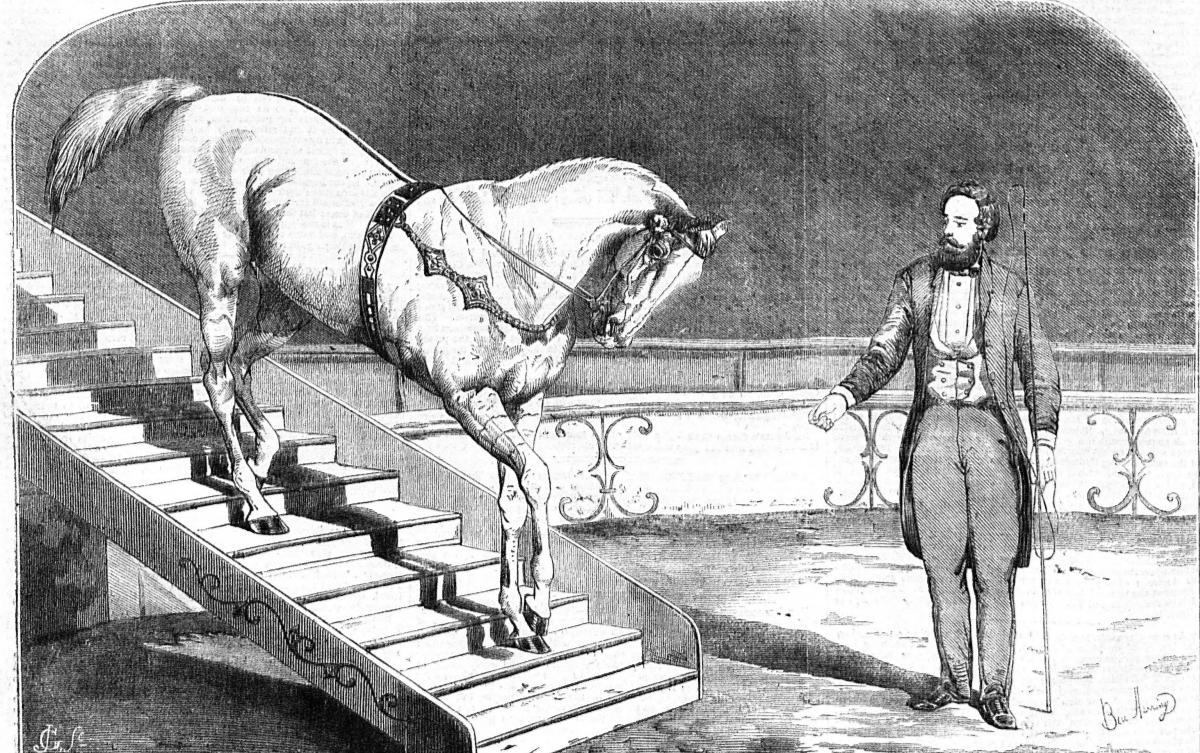
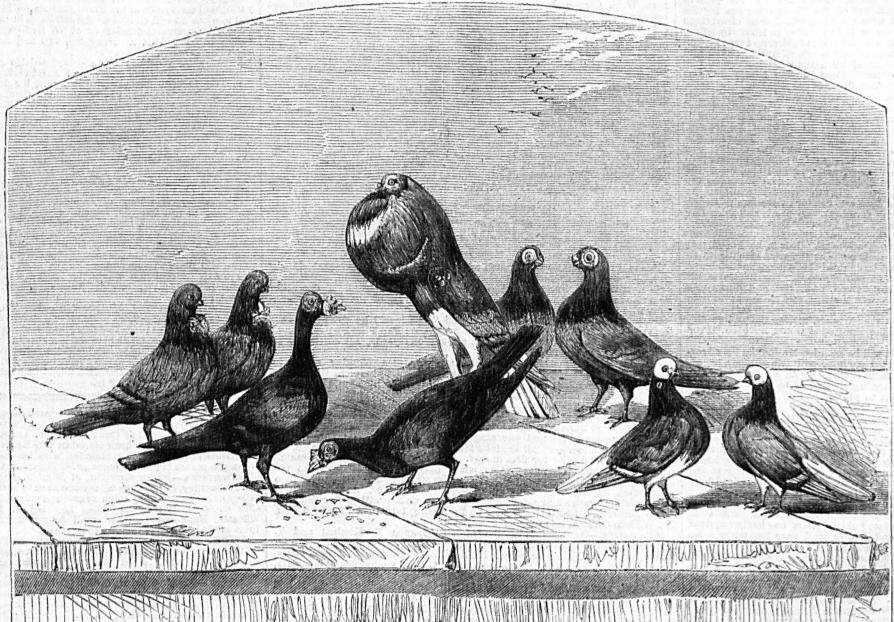
## MANCHESTER PRIZE PIGEONS

£7 10s. forfeited by Mower; beat Mower, two miles, for £20 a side (Mow-

The **Two-colored Pinto** **Percherons** form a very handsome and interesting group, and Bob Herring, Esq., has been singularly faithful in the portrayal of Mr. Charles Hengler's invaluable and handsome **Ducrow**, an American-bred horse, in one of that animal's principal feats at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, where he has been daily eliciting thunders of applause by his astonishing intelligence, docility, and perfection in performance.

JOHN HAWKS CLASPER, of Paradise House, Durham, is the eldest son of the celebrated Henry Clasper. He was born on the 13th of October, 1836, conse-

Is, proud to hear, the Claspers of the Tyne—  
The water champions from the Thames to Clyde.  
At the Durham Regatta, the day following the same event, they beat the Tax-



#### "DUCROW." THE CIRCUS HORSE.





extraordinary determination, planting on Blayce in quick and telling style, Blayce evinced a spirit and account for the turn in the tide of affairs—both down at the flush, side by side.

Round 22—Crogan followed up his advantage—Blayce, not liking the character of his advances, got on the Hispano hue, and, dexterously, with a few well-aimed blows, sent his antagonist to the ground, and the police put in an appearance, and rendered a more imperative. After recruting the man out of the Cross Keys, the referee ordered the men to go forward in the direction of Walsall, when he appointed them to be in training at three o'clock, at Dely's Grange, in the village of Harry Alford, in the County of Stafford. In about four months time, and early at three o'clock, amidst an assemblage of some 2,000 people, who had obtained the "office" from Walsall, the lad again "preted" Blayce looking little worse for the morning's performance, while Crogan's left ear, out, to the action of the wind upon it, was near closing, and his right ear puffed up.

#### BENEFICIAL OF THE FIGHT.

Round 23—Blayce, on again facing his opponent, completely changed his tactics, having been previously "fighting to orders." He now led off in a determined manner, and completely fought Crogan down, notwithstanding the latter's efforts to sustain him, and, after a short visitation, Blayce lay on the smaller, from which the ruby spancings were.

Round 24—Blayce continued to hold the lead, when he took in the previous round, and some good "milling" ensued—both down at the flush, Crogan's left ear.

Round 25—Crogan somewhat retrieved his position in this round, by delivering an electric shock on the front, from which Blayce receded, and the right receded down. Not caring for another visitation, he fell cleverly.

Round 26—The probox still distilling the stream of life—a few exchanges somewhat slower than hitherto, when they again embraced, and both sides down.

Round 27—Closed at once on the ropes, and both fall over.

Round 28—Both, on getting up, their points, and, respectively down. At this juncture, when the lad had been beaten, and it was now time to interpret the rules, the blues took place, and a move was ordered by the referee to the Form, at Queen's, some six miles distance, but before proceeding above him, the tall lad was called at a nice little spit by the road-side, and, for a few moments, the two boxers, in a parley, discussed the act of being received, when more of the "unravelings" made their appearance most unexpectedly, and pounced upon them, the crowd dispersing like a cloud of smoke. As it was now growing dark, a small crowd was collected, and, in the open air, Tom Conroy, of Market Hall Tavern, in the evening, when the referee ordered the men to meet him at the station at half-past seven on the following (Wednesday) morning, when tickets were taken for Croydon, on the Derby line. Here the lads arrived by nine o'clock, and at half-past nine the ring was formed, and business commenced.

#### SECOND DAY'S FIGHT.

Round 29—Blayce, on again facing his opponent, from which Crogan's left paw was much contracted, and his right ear much puffed. The lads sparred very gallantly for some ten minutes, each having a wholesome regard of the other. At length Blayce led off with the right, and got slightly on the cheek, receiving on the chest a stedler. He returned to the assault, and invested his right on the chest.

Round 30—Both up well to time. Blayce planted a hot "on the ouches" from which the carmine was just visible. Crogan returned on the chest, when the chest and both down side by side.

Round 31—Blayce, on again facing his master, and returning blow for blow. A rally to the ropes, both falling over.

Round 32—Crogan fought his man well, and landed a "feeler" on the nose. Blayce somewhat staggered, but back'd a pace or so, falling in, when closed at once on the ropes, and both down.

Round 33—Blayce still kept the lead, and planted on the cheek, heavily. Crogan retired and had a stare at his opponent, when they got to work at once on the ropes.

Round 34—Both 31 to 37. Very similar, both pawning away in earnest, and fighting to a close, when Crogan got his man well on the ropes, but humanly loosed him, when he slipped down out of harm's way.

Round 35—Crogan sent out his left, but was short, when Blayce dashed out his right with terrible force on the ribs, which doubled up Master Crogan, as he went down all of a heap.

Round 36—Crogan fought his mate, but as game as a pug, continued to sustain the battle with undiminished vigour, although with diminution of strength. Blayce fought him at the finish.

Round 37—Blayce continued to force the fighting, and some sharp exchanges took place all over the dial, Crogan again visiting the smeller—a close, and both down.

Round 38—The lads had been fighting fast, and the effect was perceptible, as Blayce's peepers both looked green, while Crogan's left eye was all but up, and his lips much swollen. Crogan continued to fight again, so as Blayce lay down, without receiving an adequate return, and fought his man down.

Round 39 to 71 last.—We do not wish to weary our readers by a tedious repetition of rounds, as from the great similarity, any detailed account of the pugilistic career of the two boxers, to the day of their superior strength, can be found through the compilation of Sir T. R. C. Crogan's records, seeing that his chance was out, wisely (and we must say humanely) acknowledged his defeat by throwing up the usual token of the sportsman, and, in the two days, and "in three rings, 71 rounds in 2 hours 15 min." he had a hand to his master, and, in the 71st round, of an Irishman, embraced his opponent, and gave him an affectionate hug further substantiating these feelings by the presentation of a golden token in the shape of a sovereign, which a silent example was followed, and a considerable sum of money, as a token of esteem, was given to the Irishman, who, we may observe, that the battle was worthy of imitation, as a mere straightforward combat had been witnessed, for when an advantage might have been taken, either a foul's or a foul's, forsooth, forsooth prevarication. Two game lads never striped a shirt, and it is to be hoped, that they will be got up for their mutual advantage. On the homeward journey, and when a few miles had been traversed, the police showed in imposing force, committing that mad blunder of "shutting the stable door when the horse was gone."

#### THE FIFTY-FOURTH MATCH BETWEEN YOUNG ALLEN OF BIRMINGHAM, AND BINGEY ROSE OF STOKE-ON-TRENT, AT 10 P.M.

This long-continued combat, arranged between these two principals from the midland counties—shrewsbury and Shropshire and Notts—was duly destined to come off on Tuesday last; and when we mention the bare, yet positive fact that this brace of springing *Hue and Cries* (*Bell's Life* and *Sporting Life*) had, in large letters, stimulate the sports for the special benefit of the public, we may be allowed to add, that the match was to be fought on the 21st inst., when there was no light on the day, in question, in consequence of the alacrity of the powers that be; and the general sporting public will doubtless be in an equal ratio, if not more, delighted that public announcement should regulate the time of these exciting contests, so that the spectators may be enabled to profit by those additional journals, which a silent example was followed, and so as to give the proceedings of the Fancys to be observed, as they have regularly been, of late, through such mawis and impalites, as are giving the public a full and true account to the land and water sports of Shropshire and Notts.

All parties, necessarily, were in full expectation, and no fight in seven times out of ten, when these "roustabouts"—not so blazoned forth in so terms, as the *coaches* *serbants* of the Strand broadsheet (who might be much better employed) in their reports concerned with the P.R. in enforcement of its canons, seems to have been a general and universal four-and-twenty column paraolologing in the happy name of "The Sausage Rag." We say, let the police find everything out by their own sharpness, and not have the information each way, through their eyes by those whose duty it is to keep the public in the dark, of either a foul or personal infringement of the liberty of the subject.

The man weighed at Bob Travers's on Monday, and both were within the specified weight. There was no betting, and all spectators were let to the ministering of the law, and the fact of what the lads had done was alone made known. The usual route was taken by a well-known railroad to the River-side, when the specified accurate excursion speedily commenced. After starting and sailing from place to place, until the shades of evening began to fall, the lads were sent up to the hotel to have a quiet night, although the ropes and stakes were more than once, but the men could never get to work, as they were too closely followed by the revenue cutlars, who were arrayed in strong numbers, to put a stop to the sport. A return to town, however, was made, and all spectators were let to the ministering of the law, and the fact of what the lads had done was alone made known. The usual route was taken by a well-known railroad to the River-side, when the specified accurate excursion speedily commenced. After starting and sailing from place to place, until the shades of evening began to fall, the lads were sent up to the hotel to have a quiet night, although the ropes and stakes were more than once, but the men could never get to work, as they were too closely followed by the revenue cutlars, who were arrayed in strong numbers, to put a stop to the sport.

Tom Allen, of Birmingham, is now 24 years, in altitude 5 ft 4 in; he first entered the lists in 1854, and won the "Young Connor" of Birmingham, at catch-weight, for 25s a side, whom he defeated in a gambochee near home. He next met Gold, at 9s 10d, for £10 a side, and, quickly, in 1855, in Notts, he met and received forfeit from Peter Millard, of Bristol. Was met with the Danes, in 1856, at 9s 10d, and was apprehended and bound over, June 1862.

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light for 10s 10d, which was the best for choice of corners, and the battle continued exactly 100 rounds, minute to two o'clock. Allen was the first to leave his corner, as it affords no do-harm. Allen was cautious, and felt his way with the dexter mawley on the mark. Rose was cautious, and felt his way with the dexter-right, but his bushy on the ribs, and not on the shoulder, was the right. Both had bushy on the ribs, and not on the shoulder, was the right. They commenced to fight, and the referee sent the charge. They commenced to fight, and the referee sent the charge. Allen got cleverly in with a fair spankling hit on the vischinating department, and some ding-dong exchanges were succeeded by a wild rally to the ropes. In the final tussle at the cords, Rose fell on his man, but as yet no damage was done.

Rose 32, Allen 37, still eager for work, having got a fair average measure of his opponent, although the latter, by a wise course of policy, was extremely cautious in his course of action, with neither an effort nor a blow to be considered. The referee sent the charge. Allen got his right in with a blow to the ribs, and others scratched that the deliveries on both sides were like the wind and sun. The blow were immediate, and the blood spurted forth in a scream.

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